NUMB. CCCLXXXIII.

The SPECTATOR.

Criminibus debent Hortos———— Juv.

Tuesday, May 20. 1712.

AS I was sitting in my Chamber, and thinking on a Subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular Bounces at my Landlady's Door, and upon the opening of it a loud chearful Voice enquiring whether the Philosopher was at Home. The Child who went to the Door answered very Innocently that he did not Lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good Friend Sir ROGER's Voice; and that I had promised him to go with him on the Water to *Spring-Garden*, in case it proved a good Evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the Stair Case, but told me that if I was Speculating he wou'd stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down I found all the Children of the Family got about my old Friend, and my Landlady her self, who is a notable prating Gossip, engaged in a Conference with him, being mightily pleased with his stroaking her little Boy upon the Head, and bidding him be a good Child and mind his Book.

We were no sooner come to the *Temple* Stairs, but we were surrounded with a Crowd of Watermen offering us their respective Services. Sir ROGER, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a Wooden Leg, and immediately gave him Orders to get his Boat ready. As we were walking towards it, *You must know*, says Sir ROGER, *I never make use of any Body to Row me that has not either lost a Leg or an Arm. I won'd rather hire him a few Strokes of his Oar, than not Employ an honest Man that has been wounded in the Queen's Service. If I was a Lord, or a Bishop, and kept a Barge, I won'd not put a Fellow in my Livery that has not a Wooden Leg.*

My old Friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the Boat with his Coachman, who, being a very sober Man, always serves for Ballast on these Occations, we made the best of our way for *Fox-hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the Waterman to give us the History of his Right Leg, and hearing that he had left it in *Bantry Bay*, with many Particulars which passed in that glorious Action, the Knight in the Triumph of his Heart made several Reflections on the Greatness of the *British* Nation; as, that one *Englishman* cou'd beat three *Frenchmen*; that we cou'd never be in Danger of Popery so long as we took care of our Fleet; that the *Thames* was the noblest River in *Europe*; that *London-bridge* was a greater Piece of Work than any of the Seven Wonders of the World; with many other honest Prejudices that naturally cleave to the Heart of a true *Englishman*.

After some short Pause, the old Knight turning about his Head twice or thrice, to take a Survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the City was set with Churches, and that there was scarce a single Steeple on this side *Temple-bar*. *A most Heathenish Sight!* says Sir ROGER: *There is no Religion at this End of the Town. The Fifty new Churches will very much mend the Prospect; but Church-work is slow, Church-work is slow!*

I do not remember that I have any where mentioned, in Sir ROGER's Character, his Custom of Saluting every Body that passes by him, with a Good-morrow, or a Good-night. This the Old-Man does out of the Overflowings of his Humanity, tho' at the same time it renders him so popular among all his Country Neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the Shire. He cannot forbear this Exercise of Benevolence even in Town, when he meets with any one in his Morning or Evening Walk. It broke from him to several Boats that passed by us upon the Water; but to the Knight's great Surprise, as he gave the Good-night to two or three young Fellows a little before our Landing, one of them, instead of returning the Civility, asked us what Queer old Putt we had in the Boat; and whether he was not ashamed to go a Wenching at his Years; with a great deal of the like *Thames*-Ribaldry. Sir ROGER seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a Face of Magistracy, told us, *that if he were a* Middlesex *Justice, he would make such Vagrants know that Her Majesty's Subjects were no more to be abused by Water than by Land.*

We

We were now Arrived at *Spring Garden*, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of Year. When I considered the Fragrancy of the Walks and Bowers with the Choirs of Birds that sung upon the Trees, and the loose Tribe of People that walked under their Shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of *Mahometan* Paradise. Sir ROGER told me, it put him in mind of a little Coppice by his House in the Country, which his Chaplain used to call an Aviary of Nightingales. *You must understand*, says the Knight, *there is nothing in the World that pleases a Man in Love so much as your Nightingale. Ah, Mr.* SPECTATOR! *The many Moonlight Nights that I have walked by my self, and thought on the Widow by the Musick of the Nightingales!* He here fetched a deep Sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a Masque, who came behind him, gave him a gentle Tap upon the Shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a Bottle of Mead with her; but the Knight being startled at so unexpected a Familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his Thoughts of the Widow, told her *She was a wanton Baggage*, and bid her go about her Business.

We concluded our Walk with a Glass of *Burton*-Ale, and a slice of Hung Beef. When we had done eating our selves, the Knight called a Waiter to him, and bid him carry the Remainder to a Waterman that had but one Leg. I perceived the Fellow stared upon him at the Oddness of the Message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's Commands with a Peremtory Look.

As we were going out of the Garden, my old Friend thinking himself obliged, as a Member of the *Quorum*, to animadvert upon the Morals of the Place, told the Mistress of the House, who sat at the Bar, That he should be a better Customer to her Garden, if there were more Nightingales, and fewer Strumpets.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For the Benefit of Mrs. Knight.

At the Desire of several Persons of Quality.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this present Tuesday, the 20th Day of May, will be presented a Play call'd, Oroonoko. The Part of Oroonoko by Mr. Booth, The Widow Lackit by Mrs. Knight. And all the other Parts to the best Advantage. To which will be added a Farce call'd the Walking Statue, or the Devil in the Wine Cellar. With Dancing by Mrs Santlow, by her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes. Note, That the Tickets given out for the Careless Husband, will be taken at this Play.

Never Performed but once.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, to morrow being Wednesday the 21st of May, will be presented an English Opera call'd Calypso and Telemachus. Boxes 8 s. Pit 5 s. First Gallery 2 s. 6 d. Upper Gallery 1 s. 6 d. Boxes upon the Stage half a Guinea, the two Benches in the Pit rail'd in at the Price of the Boxes. To begin exactly at Six. By Her Majesty's Command, No Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

This Opera is sold by J. Senger, at the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleetstreet. Price One Shilling.

For the Benefit of Mr. Morphy.

At Mr. Mayor's at the corner of Hemmings-row next to the Free School in Castle-street near the Musick-house being the 21st Instant, will be performed an extraordinary Consort of Musick by the best Masters; and in which Mr. Morphy will perform several Entertainments on his Silver String'd Harp, on which he has had the Honour to play before the present Emperor and the King of Portugal. Tickets are to be had at Mr. Morphy's Lodgings at Mr. Onions in King-street, St. James's; and at St. James's and the Smyrna Coffee-house at St. James's; the British, and Young Man's in Cornhill; the Tiltyard at Whitehall; at Tom's and Will's in Covent-Garden, at 5 s. each. N. B. Several of the Masters at the Opera having given Mr. Morphy the favour to perform in his Consort, it will begin exactly at five, and end in time for Persons of Quality to get there.

This Day is Published,

Miscellaneous Poems and Translations. By several Hands. Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross Keys between the two Temple-Gates in Fleetstreet. Where may be had Dr. Tillotson's Sermons, and Madam Dacier's Homer Printed on an Elzevir Letter, and 26 Copper Plates, done by the best Gravers, from the designs of Coypel.

For Sale by the Candle,

To Morrow being Wednesday the 21st Instant, at Garraway's Coffee-house in Exchange Alley, precisely at 12 a Clock in the Forenoon, (only one Hogshead in a Lot) 95 Hogsheads of new French Claret, viz. 28 Margaux, Obrion, and other of the best Growths, deep, Bright, strong and firm, neat, and not one Hogshead sold out, Imported by Messieurs Tourton and Guiguer, by a Swedish Ship the Crown'd Mary, being the second and last Ship arrived from Bourdeaux directly, now lying in a Vault under the House of Sir William Humphrys in Mincing-lane in Fenchurch street. To be seen and tasted this Day from 8 to 11, and from 2 to 6, and to morrow 'till the time of Sale. Note, The Buyers are desired to appear punctually at the Hour appointed, the Sale being to be compleated without adjourning.

A Large Brick House, with a Tarrass and Back-door into St. James's Park, with good Vaults, and all other Offices under Ground, now in the Tenor of the Honourable Robert Benson, Esq; the 1st. House in Queen street, on the Right Hand, is to be sold. Inquire at Mr. Sylvas, at the Golden Still in Pye Corner near Westsmithfield.

Mr. John Warter, who formerly taught the Court Hand in the Queen's Bench Office in the Inner Temple, now continues to Teach the same in a very exact manner, so as the Scholar in three Weeks time shall be fit for Business (his constant Attendance being only desired) at his Chambers three pair of Stairs, over Prothonotary Brent's Office in the Temple Walks at all Hours of the Day. He also exempt fies Recoveries, &c.

Dropt by a Servant out of a Parcel on Monday the 19th Instant in the Morning, going from Mark-lane to Chick-lane near Smithfield, or from thence to Devonshire-street near Red-Lyon-Square, or from thence to the New Exchange in the Strand, two pieces of Lace about an Inch broad, containing 8 or 9 Yards in a Piece: Whoever brings the same to Charles Lillie's, the corner of Beauford Buildings in the Strand, shall receive one Guinea reward.

Lost on Sunday the 11th Instant, in or near St. John's Church in Hackney, two Gold Watch-cases; if the same are brought to Daniel Delander in Devereux Court by the Middle Temple, Watchmaker, without any Questions to be asked they shall receive 3 Guineas reward for each, or if either of them proportionable. N. B. There is a new Invention by the said Daniel Delander of a Spring, which is very neatly fixed on the inside of the Case, which prevents the Case to be either lost or stolen.

Verdier's Hummums is in Belton-street, at the end of Brownlow-street near Drury-lane; where Persons may privately be Sweated, Bathed or Cupped with the same Instrument he himself first Invented, and exceeds all others, and is used no where else but at the said Widow Verdier's, tho' several have and do still endeavour to Counterfeit the same. All Persons who desire to be Cupped at their own Houses, shall be carefully attended by her Partner (a German) Daniel Hahn, who has practised it these many Years past, not as it is maliciously reported the House is left off.

A Child of mine, reduced under extream Sufferings and Dangers by the Violent breeding of his Teeth, Received Immediate help only by Rubbing his Gums with a Remedy had of Mr. Perronet Surgeon in Dyot street, Bloomsbury, whereupon his Cut several Teeth, with abundance of Ease and Safety. Witness my Hand. Abraham Pope, in White Lion Court, Fleetstreet, Goldsmith. This Remedy is Sold at 2 s. 6 d. per Vial, by the Author aforesaid, Mr. Alcratt, at the Blue Coat Boy, against the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, by Mr. Warkins, Tobacconist, against the Market, in King street, Westminster, and by Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford Buildings in the Strand.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.